

# WORLD'S HOME MAGAZINE.

## HARRIET HUBBARD AYER'S ADVICE TO WOMEN WITH CHAPPED HANDS.

**Proper Care of the Hands Will Make Them Proof  
Against Cold Weather—Washes and Cos-  
metics for Rough Skin—How to Be One's Own  
Manicurist.**

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THE FOREMOST WRITER  
SPECIALIST ON WOMAN'S HEALTH  
AND BEAUTY.—Philadelphia  
North American.

THIS article is written in response to  
innumerable letters asking for re-  
lief for chapped and rough hands.  
It isn't difficult to have soft, pretty  
hands even in winter.

The great point is to keep the hands  
scrupulously clean and to pay atten-  
tion to the nails, which demand daily  
care.

Quick changes from heat to cold af-  
fect the hands just as these differences  
in temperature affect the skin of the  
face.

Many women imagine that frequent  
washing injures the texture of the  
hands. This is not so, provided you  
know how to wash them.

If you are accustomed to housework  
you should save your hands from un-  
necessary contact with greasy or dirty  
water by wearing rubber gloves.

But whether you wash dishes or  
scrub floors or not, it is of equal im-  
portance that you keep your hands clean  
and that when the tissues are imper-  
fect, as they always are when the  
skin gets red and harsh or cracks.

If your hands are what we describe as  
grimy, before scrubbing them give them  
a cold cream or vaseline bath.

Rub the ointment in well and draw on  
a pair of big old gloves.

In the course of an hour scrub your  
hands with a bland soap not caustic.  
Rinse several times in tepid water.

It is quite as important to get the soap  
out of the hands after washing as it is  
desirable to use it for cleansing pur-  
poses.

Dry carefully. Many cases of chapped  
hands originate in a shiffling use of the  
sieve in drying them.

Avoid quick exposure to the cold after  
the scrub. When the hands are rough  
a skin feeding ointment is required.  
One of the best for this purpose is as  
follows:

Chaps and Rough Skin of the  
Hands.—Suet or lanoline, 1-2 ounce;  
camphor, 20 grains; glycerine, 1-2 ounce;  
Melt the ingredients together, then pour  
the mixture into some vessel and allow  
it to cool. Soften a lump of the salve in  
the palm of the hand and rub it well  
into the skin before retiring for the night.

When the hands are obstinately red  
and coarse looking, try wearing cos-  
metic gloves during sleeping hours.  
This is how to make cosmetic gloves.

Use soft, large leather gloves, three or  
four sizes too large. Rip them open  
and spread the inside with one of the  
following preparations. Sew the ripped  
seam up after spreading. The simplest,  
and therefore the least troublesome, to  
make are the following:

Cosmetic Glove Paste.—Ground bar-  
ley, the white of an egg, a teaspoonful  
of glycerine and 1 ounce of honey.  
Mix the barley with the glycerine. Add  
other ingredients.

Cosmetic Glove Paste, No. 2.—  
Flour made soft soap, 1-2 pound; olive  
oil, 1 gill; nutmeg, 1 ounce.  
After boiling these together, remove

them from the fire before adding spir-  
its of wine, 1 gill. Ambergris or some other  
perfume to an amount to suit the taste,  
always being on your guard not to scent  
things too highly.

Cosmetic Glove Paste—No. 3.—Refined  
pine tar, one teaspoonful; olive oil, one  
pint. Melt in a water bath, scenting  
with rose water or some other perfume.  
This is a preparation which does not  
spoil.

The following preparation, for use  
with cosmetic gloves, is slightly more  
elaborate: Myrrh, one ounce; honey, four  
ounces; yellow wax, two ounces; rose  
water, six ounces. Melt the wax in a  
water bath and add the myrrh to it while  
it is hot. After beating them together  
add the honey and rose water. Beat all  
up and add glycerine by the teaspoonful  
until you secure a paste which will  
spread nicely.

Every woman can be her own manic-  
urist. Once a week is often enough for  
the regular seance, but the hands should  
be looked after daily and the seance  
kept pressed back from the finger nails,  
or it will approach upon the half moon,  
and it is very difficult then in one treat-  
ment to control it.

If the finger nails need cutting, use  
clippers instead of scissors: next shape  
them with the file. If there should be  
any ragged surface or roughness, smooth  
this off with the little emery board.  
Shape the nail to correspond with the  
form of the finger tip. If you have  
round finger tips don't try to have  
pointed nails.

Next soak the fingers in soapy water  
for five minutes. Dry them carefully,  
pressing the sevice down during the  
operation. Next remove all foreign  
matter from under the nail with a  
sharp-pointed end of an orange wood  
stick, and press the cuticle down with  
the flat-pointed end of the same stick,  
taking care to wrap about it a tiny  
scrap of antiseptic gauze, so that the  
surface of the nail may not be injured.

If there be stains or discolorations,  
remove them with the juice of a lemon  
rather than with the liquid bleach. Dip  
in the water again and dry, apply a lit-  
tle rose paste to the surface of the  
nail, making the application from the  
base toward the tip.

Dust on a little nail powder, and  
polish with a brisk movement, back and  
forth, never up and down. Wash again,  
using a scrubbing brush. Apply the  
nail enamel if desired and polish again.

Any one can make the nail cosmetics.  
The formulas I give are excellent and  
inexpensive. Reduce the quantities pro-  
portionately for each if desirable.

Polishing Powder for the Nails.—  
Talcum powder, 1-2 ounce; pulverized  
pumice stone, 2 ounces. Mix thorough-  
ly, add 15 grains of carmine and a few  
drops of oil of rose, if a perfume is de-  
sirable. Sift through silk bolting cloth.

Rose Cosmetic for the Nails.—Sper-  
maceti, 3-4 of an ounce; white wax,  
3-4 of an ounce; oil of almonds (sweet),  
6 ounces; kaurite root, 2 ounces; oil of  
rose, 1 dram. Melt the first four in-  
gredients, strain, beat until nearly cold,  
then add the oil of rose. Pour into  
wide-mouthed porcelain bottles or jars.

Recipe for Nail Bleach.—Citric acid,  
30 grains; rose water, one ounce. Mix  
and use further diluted. A nail bleach  
as strong as the one for which recipe is  
given, if used frequently, will give the

amount of a few thousand dollars, felt  
the need and necessity of a companion  
to steer her about, and selected Milly  
for that important post, thus combining  
charity with business. To be sure, the  
post proved exceedingly trying, not only  
from the standpoint of physical work,  
but also of the exceeding patience and  
tact required of the young girl in order  
to get along at all with the relative who  
more and more as the months rolled by  
strengthened her hallucination that she  
was doing an act of exceeding charity  
in feeding and clothing her niece in pay-  
ment for work which she could not  
have had done for ten times what  
Milly's keep cost her.

Things being at this pass one day  
when Milly had reached the age of  
eighteen and had stilled all the aspira-  
tions that came to her and settled down  
to a lifetime of bumbling service, the  
latter decided to go across the city to  
make a call and accompanied by her  
niece boarded a cable car.

This was at 4:30 o'clock in the after-  
noon on the fourth day of October in  
the year 1893.

Smoking his Havana somewhat sul-  
kily on the rear seat of the cable car, Theo-  
dore Van Aldine's attention was at-  
tracted by a young girl, who boarded the  
car. The woman was querulous and complain-  
ing, the girl patient and apparently

## THE SPRING COLORS ARE ALREADY NAMED.

FROM Paris comes a new gospel of  
colors for 1903. Every year when  
clothes both in Europe and America  
are wrapped in snow and the mind of  
the ordinary woman is fixed on the  
beauty of her heavy street gown and the  
comfort of her winter furs, the enter-  
prising Parisian dressmakers and  
milliners get together and decide what  
the new colors of the new year are to be.  
The nation which devised seventy-nine  
ways of preparing eggs and is still arriv-  
ing for the eightieth, performs annually  
a similar miracle with the seven primi-  
tial colors.

Last year Paris took its inspiration  
from the parrot's plumage, and blue  
and green in every combination, the  
milliner and dressmaker could invent  
were the rage.

This year their ideas have taken a  
geographical turn, for the new shades of  
blue which everything indicates is to be  
the leading spring color bear the names  
of the European lakes, "Como," "Mar-  
gorio" and other less noted lakes will  
figure in the spring gowns of blue, while

other less favored colors are named  
after birds, as in the case of greens, or  
after furs and wines, in the case of  
browns, which figure as "beaver,"  
"sable," "champagne" or "Madeira."

With only seven colors at their dis-  
posal it seems incredible that the ar-  
biters of fashion should willingly dis-  
card one. Yet they have decreed that  
violet must not be worn. It is not  
represented at all on the new color  
card for 1903, and save in artificial  
flowers will not be seen in the fash-  
ionable woman's costume.

Pinks and reds are high in favor, but  
there is no doubt that blue will be the  
prevailing color. It will not be com-  
bined with green, for that is old, but  
with a more daring color—yellow.

New pinkish yellows known as melon  
and resembling the inside of a ripe  
cantaloupe, provide one of the best  
harmonies for the lake blues which  
will be most popular. For the more  
conservative who refuse to copy the  
plumage of tropical birds in their street  
costumes brown in an endless variety of  
new shades is provided.

## VALET TO A BEGGAR NOT THE ONLY ODD OCCUPATION OF NEW YORKERS.

OF all the peculiar callings known to  
be exercised in New York City,  
that until recently followed by  
Gaston Gilwicz, who was acquitted of  
grand larceny at his trial in Brooklyn  
on Friday last, is perhaps the strangest.  
Gilwicz had been indicted for steal-  
ing \$200 from a fortune teller. When  
asked by the complainant's counsel con-  
cerning his occupation, he replied that  
he had formerly been in the ice business,  
but before that had been a valet.

"Valet for whom?" questioned As-  
sistant District Attorney Roy, expect-  
ing, perhaps, to hear the name of some  
millionaire whom Gilwicz had, perhaps,  
served as "gentleman's gentleman."

"Valet for a beggar!" replied Gilwicz.  
"A beggar!" exclaimed the astonished  
Assistant District Attorney.

"Yes," explained the witness stolidly.  
"The man had no arms and I dressed  
and undressed him and took care of him  
I got \$10 a week for it."

The beggars of New York have long  
been known as a very prosperous aggre-  
gation of citizens, but this is the first

case on record of a mendicant rich  
enough to employ a valet, even as the  
gilded youths of the Knickerbocker Club  
or the staid Croesus of the Metropolitan.  
Beggars there are, and many of them,  
with fat bank accounts. Quite recently  
one was unmasked who made daily  
pilgrims appeals to the charitable who  
coming in a row of well-dressed tenement  
on the east side and a neat balance of  
\$10,000 accumulated in his trade.

There are innumerable persons in New  
York City at the present time who make  
their living in unique and original ways.  
"Unruly and wayward boys disciplined  
at parents' residence," was the novel  
verbiage which a Mr. Williamson  
inserted in a New York newspaper ten  
years ago, when fortune had proved  
fickle and he was looking about eagerly  
for some employment to keep body and  
soul together.

"My method," he explained to an  
anxious parent who had written him  
concerning an unruly youngster, "is to  
talk confidentially with boys, and when  
I find them incorrigible I retire to a  
private room when the youth returns  
to the world (in one-half hour) he has a  
very patient heart and a very good  
anatomy. I do not hurt seriously, only  
enough to bring forth promises of  
amendment."

Nothing has been heard of Williamson  
in the last few years, and whether he  
has retired on a competency, accumu-  
lated by administering personal chastise-  
ment to rebellious youngsters, or has  
abandoned his strange trade for some  
more usual, and perhaps, less exhaust-  
ing occupation, is not known.

Leonard Strother, an adventurous  
youth who found himself stranded in  
New York in the autumn of 1893, discov-  
ered a profession which he once liked  
him from his condition of penury to one  
of financial ease.

Strother invented the profession of  
human dummy, and was the first man  
to stand for hours in the window of a  
fashionable tailor, using his magnificent  
proportions to display the latest fash-  
ions of exclusive cut, and simulating as  
nearly as possible the mute insensibility  
of the automaton he replaced. He made  
up his complexion to resemble the pink  
and white cheeks of a wax figure, and  
not one per cent. of the crowds who  
watched him daily knew that he was a  
real man and not a lay figure. His suc-  
cess was so great that at the close of  
his first season in New York he went  
on the road with properties consisting  
of seven ultra-fashionable suits of  
clothes and made money rapidly by  
posing for leading tailors in fashionable  
towns, travelling a regular theatrical  
circus.

A queer little old man, with wisened  
features and bony legs, pursues in the  
very heart of the pulsing east side one  
of the strangest professions in the city.  
He is Hans, the doll doctor. His little  
workshop is littered with dolls, and he  
repairs and restores them in various stages  
of dilapidation, sent to him for skilful  
survivor.

There are jumping-jacks with frac-  
tured femurs awaiting setting, great  
blue-eyed court beauties being treated  
for the loss of their blond locks, and  
little ma-lambes whose fleece must be  
definitely mended by the doll surgeon. The  
old German's wife follows the more  
usual calling of dolls' dressmaker, a  
profession which Dickens immortalized  
in his touching character of Jennie  
Wrenn.

There are several of these dolls' dress-  
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for the dainty miniature creations which  
later adorn the swell ladies of olddom  
from the garbage cans of milliners and  
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It is a well-known fact that birds in  
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thorities regard him as immune and no  
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every trip.

Among the innumerable other persons  
in the city who from choice or necessity  
pursue strange callings is a young woman  
who for a quarter a pair will take  
your new shoes and wear them long  
enough to make them comfortable and  
a man who picks up sensational themes  
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who for a quarter a pair will take  
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## A MAN, A GIRL AND A CABLE CAR BY BISHOP HOWARD.

It Took Cupid Just Two Minutes to Do This Job.

(Copyright, 1902, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

THEODORE VAN ALDINE was a  
lucky dog. At least everybody  
said so, and what everybody says  
is true, according to an old saw.

But he was not happy. In fact, he  
was distinctly discontented and miser-  
able.

He was a clean-cut, well-equipped  
young fellow, was Van Aldine, and born  
to a humble estate, where he would  
have been compelled to work out his  
own salvation, might have carried out  
a great career—or have been the founder  
of a great fortune—as had been his pa-  
ternal grandfather, with the Dutch  
blood and thrift.

He had tired of the luxury and the  
conventionalities, and had become moody  
and discontented—even to the point of  
seriously considering the losing of his  
identity and ending.

This was at 4:30 o'clock in the after-  
noon on the fourth day of October, in  
the year 1893.

Milly Conan had been born to poverty  
and service. There was good blood back  
of her—no question about it. But it was  
the blood of the patriot and the martyr  
and not that of the successful trader  
and money-maker. And her father, who  
had been always a gentleman at the en-  
trance, had died, mourned and regretted by  
hundreds of friends—and sincerely mourned,  
too, but leaving nothing but the reputa-  
tion of always having been a good  
fellow and a gentleman—that is, nothing  
excepting a select assortment of debts  
and a large quota of regrets. Then the  
mother, a trifle more practical, as the  
mothers are—but more a lady than a  
manager, sincerely loving her husband,  
had pined and died. And the upshot of  
it all was that Milly had been left at a  
very early age to the tender mercies of  
a not overly cordial world with no  
visible assets excepting a very sensitive  
nature, the inherent instincts of a lady  
and a healthy appetite—not counting a  
face of considerable promise from the  
standpoint of beauty, a figure and a  
disposition of rare sweetness.

It was fortunate, indeed, and very  
charitable on the part of Aunt Martha  
that Milly's mother's sister, having  
gone nearly blind and being the relic of  
old Grigby, who had departed this  
life prematurely, but not before he had  
wisely invested in life insurance to the

amount of a few thousand dollars, felt  
the need and necessity of a companion  
to steer her about, and selected Milly  
for that important post, thus combining  
charity with business. To be sure, the  
post proved exceedingly trying, not only  
from the standpoint of physical work,  
but also of the exceeding patience and  
tact required of the young girl in order  
to get along at all with the relative who  
more and more as the months rolled by  
strengthened her hallucination that she  
was doing an act of exceeding charity  
in feeding and clothing her niece in pay-  
ment for work which she could not  
have had done for ten times what  
Milly's keep cost her.

Things being at this pass one day  
when Milly had reached the age of  
eighteen and had stilled all the aspira-  
tions that came to her and settled down  
to a lifetime of bumbling service, the  
latter decided to go across the city to  
make a call and accompanied by her  
niece boarded a cable car.

This was at 4:30 o'clock in the after-  
noon on the fourth day of October in  
the year 1893.

Smoking his Havana somewhat sul-  
kily on the rear seat of the cable car, Theo-  
dore Van Aldine's attention was at-  
tracted by a young girl, who boarded the  
car. The woman was querulous and complain-  
ing, the girl patient and apparently

cheerful. The woman was nearly blind,  
and the girl took every pains to see  
that she was made comfortable, for  
which she received only complaints.

The girl did not show resentment, but  
looked out upon the sunshine and smiled  
at radiant nature. And such a smile  
as may be imagined when the sunning itself.  
Van Aldine observed her curiously.

Here was a girl tied to a cross and self-  
ish old woman, and she seemed to be  
extracting from the fresh air and the  
sunshine more enjoyment than he, Van  
Aldine, millionaire and son of wealth  
and luxury, could begin to understand.

The question made him smile and served  
to keep his eyes on the girl's face. The  
more he looked the more she interested  
him. The play of color and the panorama  
of changing expressions not only fasci-  
nated him, but gave him some sug-  
gestions of the life and intelligence behind  
the mobile features.

Of a sudden the thought came to him:  
"Where among the daughters of wealth  
and fashion in our set and who are so  
assiduously making themselves agreeable  
to me, is there one so dainty and so intelligent?  
And where is one who has the philoso-  
phy to carry a load such as this girl  
is carrying, and do it with a cheerful  
face?"

The more he ruminated the more in-  
terested he became. While he was gaz-  
ing at her with grave and intent eyes  
she turned her eyes away the way and  
their eyes met squarely. She dropped  
her and a slight flush suffused her  
pale cheeks. Hardly less soon than she  
dropped her eyes he sought the floor  
of the car and a cloud of embarrassment  
covered him.

Of course it was ridiculous, and he  
realized it quicker than anybody. He  
felt a fresh clear and looked steadily  
out of the window. But he could not  
forget, and in the space of two minutes  
he had made up his mind that  
the pretty little blue-eyed girl carrying  
her load so bravely was the one  
girl in all the world for him. The idea  
of his fortune, the money, the power  
and interest in life and affairs he had  
had since he could remember.

Well, that's about all there is to the  
story. He was too wise and experi-  
enced, however, to frighten her by  
any bold moves. But he took very good  
care—and expensive—to learn her name,  
address and limitations. Life con-  
tinued